



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

IN HEADLEY'S "Italy" occurs a passage, descriptive of services in the Sistine Chapel when the "Miserere" was performed, which is pronounced one of the finest pieces of writing and sympathetic delineation in our literature. Years have passed since we perused those pages; but that magnificent melody, which only a mighty genius could have conceived and caught for expression, is still vividly before us through the interpretation of the enthusiastic American. Had Headley only written the volume referred to, he would have had as honorable mention in our literature as "Eothen" has in the German. If any are ignorant of the power and purpose of this "mighty mass" of the Roman Church let him refer to the pages of Mr. Headley's book.

In a late number of the "Journal of Music," we find a translation of a description of the *Credo*, which seems to us to come from some truly noble pen—so appreciative is it in spirit, so touching in its association, so well defined in its criticism. As a record of the power of music let us commend it to readers who see no language in harmonies, no meaning in the mere cadences and intonations of song:

"To my astonishment the violinists laid their instruments down, as did all the rest of the orchestra, save four trombonists. And now, when the priest had intoned the *Credo*, the full choir began, utterly unaccompanied save by the four trombones, the recitation of the Confession of Faith, in D major, in the long-drawn note of a pal-estrina choral. With the first notes of this music I was filled with awe, and cold chills crept through my nerves, when, in the long cadence at the words *In unum Deum*, the drums fell in like the rolling of distant thunder. I seemed suddenly to find myself in the infinite dawn of the eternal heavens, throughout which gleamed the far-off splendor of the Almighty. A bright light seemed to illumine the gloom of limitless space at the words, *Factorem celi et terræ* (Maker of heaven and earth)—and in the mighty harmonies which in vast masses rushed through the cathedral upon the awe-inspiring thunder of the drums, the very columns trembled. But when the words came: *Et in unum Dominum, Jesum Christum*, (and in one Lord, Jesus Christ)—and the holy name was but breathed in the softest *pianissimo*—then

bowed the heads of the vast multitude of believers involuntarily, like the field of grain before a gentle wind; and so it flowed and streamed and moved onward to the words, *Descendit de cælis* (he descended from heaven.)

An andante in G minor spoke peace to the excited soul, with the sweet flow of the softly touched violoncellos, and a soprano voice sang as from the clouds—

Et incarnatus est	And he became flesh,
De Spiritu Sancto,	Conceived through the
Ex Maria Virgine,	Holy Ghost,
Et homo factus est.	By the Virgin Mary,
	And was made Man.

Like the fragrance from an orange grove descended to us *Homo factus est*, with the blessed thought of peace: 'Yes, for us he became man!' and the confidence of faith softly slumbered in dreams of paradise.

Then suddenly the trombones called us back to life, with their solemn choral, and with awe-inspiring tune to bitter pain.

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis	He was also crucified for us
Sub Pontio Pilato,	Under Pontius Pilate,
Passus et sepultus est.	He suffered and was buried.

In the softest breath of deepest sorrow died away the last tones. The final, deepest bass note of the organ also ceased. All was still, and our blood seemed to stop in our veins; then arose, like a whirlwind, the chorus, which announced the victory over death, and the resurrection, with not an instrument accompanying, in mightiest unison to an old church melody: *Et resurrexit tertia die!* (And on the third day he rose again.) A piercing tone from a trumpet sounded through the church and jubilant rolled the hymn onward, closing with a mighty fugue in three-four time: *Et vitam venturi sæculi. Amen.* (And the life of eternity to come. Amen.)

But a strange feeling almost of horror seized the soul at the close. For the comforting tones, which had promised a blessed eternity after this life, gradually disappeared in a constantly diminishing *piano*. It seemed as if with the swift motions of disembodied spirits, everything had withdrawn into the most distant and gloomy regions of space. All the wind instruments died away, and at the final *Amen! Amen!* breathed out in the choral style, no accompaniment was heard but a ghost-like *pizzicato* of the basses and single, distant pulse-like notes of the drums.

We stood as if enchanted; we no longer belonged to this life; we roamed with the spirits of the just made perfect *in vita venturi sæculi*, and trembled and shuddered in awe of the limitless sacred art and truth which had been poured out over us; and the distant depths of the high altar with its candle and angels, its priests, and its cloud of incense, seemed to us the secret places of the heaven opened to us in its blessedness."

Who, after perusing this, does not feel the spirit of worship in his heart? It is by such song that the Roman Church discourses to the soul, and lifts it to an appreciation of the majesty of that harmony which must sweep through the halls of heaven. Music, in Protestant Churches, is little else than a mere mockery of worship—a form to be gone through with, destitute of emotion, dead to pathos and spiritual impulse—a "performance," and nothing else. So true is this that the Protestants must go to the opera, or to the theatrical orchestra, or to the Catholic churches in order that their longing for the very richness of the "golden chords" may be gratified. Alas!

## VULGARISMS OF SPEECH.



O we we realize how much of our daily conversation is made up of vulgarisms, for which there is not the shadow of an excuse? Stand aside; listen to the conversation of the groups of men that pass, and from gentleman and hod-carrier alike, you hear expressions which argue either a want of a decent knowledge of the dictionary, or a preference for vulgarity in rhetoric. In the case of the hod-carrier and cartman, it must be the former reason—in that of the gentleman it must be the latter, since few of that class would not resent any imputation against their education. What shall account for this general lapse? "Custom," you say. But why should "custom" induce the outrage of common sense and common excellence of utterance daily made in the use of *slang* for serious, earnest conversation? We find no good reason to offer, and must think it is in the taste of the age, which seems to prefer what is false and meretricious, rather than what is homely



and truly good. This taste is not a native one. We are pure enough, simple enough, correct enough, as children: it is only as we grow up to learn the ways of high living and fashion, that we depart from the naturally correct instincts of our nature.

Charles Mackay's "History of Popular Delusions," furnishes a chapter on the public *mania* for these vulgarisms. It is a significant chapter, for the moral every intelligent man can apply for himself. The present day affords matter for another book, and would, if used properly, present us to a future generation as a nation of barbarians, speaking in a vocabulary savoring of *very* low life indeed. "Well I do, old hoss!" "Give 'em a tiger!" "Let 'er rip!" "G'lang!" "The elephant;" "lions;" "tigers;" "bears;" "bulls!" "G'hal;" "B'hoy;" "busted;" "gone by the board;" "showing his teeth;" "trapped;" "boned;" "caved;" and so on to the end of the almost limitless vocalisation of words—no, not words, but expressions—coined for almost every imaginable occasion. What will be thought of us, an *enlightened* people, one hundred years hence, should any one write up the record now, and leave it for that distant generation? "People will be as bad then?" you query. Possibly they will, but we should fain hope that, in the boasted progress we are making, these vocal enormities would be, as old dirt-carts, thrown aside in disgust, for the graceful engine and carriage, so full of beauty and life, which await the bidding of all.

We have been led to these reflections by reading a newspaper announcement that a certain book (Thesaurus) from which, in its first edition, all vulgarisms had been excluded, was to be reprinted with all the yet heard-of provincialisms, vulgarisms, by-words, and current parlance, introduced in the text, as part of the *available* resources of our language!

Apropos is the following, from a recent discourse of an English clergyman, on "Manliness in Speech." He says:

"There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness, that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell-mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of genuine English! Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man,

or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man he must talk in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own 'hook.' If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a 'stunner,' the superlative of which is a 'regular stunner.' If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will 'stand Sam.' If he meets a savage looking dog, he calls him an 'ugly customer.' If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a 'rummy old cove.' A sensible man is a 'chap that is up to snuff.' A man not remarkable for good sense is a 'cake'—a 'flat'—a 'spoon'—a 'stick'—his mother does not know he is out. A doubtful assertion is to be 'told to the marines.' An incredible statement is 'all gammon.' Our young friend never scolds, but 'blows up'—never pays, but 'stumps up'—never finds it difficult to pay, but is 'hard up'—never feels fatigued, but is 'used up.' He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a 'tile.' He wears no neck-cloth, but surrounds his throat with a 'choker.' He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he 'hangs out.' He never goes away or withdraws, but he 'bolts'—he 'slopes'—he 'mizzles'—he 'makes himself scarce'—he 'walks his chalks'—he 'makes tracks'—he 'cuts his stick'—or, what is the same thing, he 'cuts his lucky!' The highest compliment you can pay him, is to tell him that he is a 'regular brick.' He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being 'plucky.' Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about 'tin,' and 'the needful,' 'the rhino,' and 'the ready.' When a man speaks, he 'spouts'—when he holds his peace, he 'shuts up'—when he is humiliated, he is 'taken down a peg or two,' and 'made to sing small.' He calls his hands 'paws,' his legs 'pins.' To be perplexed, is to be 'flummoxed'—to be disappointed, is to be 'dished'—to be cheated, is to be 'sold'—to be cheated clearly, is to be 'done brown.' Whatsoever is fine, is 'nobby'—whatsoever is shabby, is 'seedy'—whatsoever is pleasant, is 'jolly.' He says: 'Blessed if he does this,' 'blowed if he does that,' 'hanged' if he does the other thing; or he exclaims: 'My eye!' 'My stars!' If you asked him which were his stars, he would be 'flummoxed.' Then he swears 'By George'—'by the piper'—on select occasions he selects 'the piper that played before Moses.' Now, a good

deal of this slang is harmless; many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. For example, as Archdeacon Hare observes, in one of his sermons, the word 'governor,' as applied to a father, is to be reprehended. I have heard a young man call his father the 'relieving officer.' Does it not betray, on the part of young men, great ignorance of the paternal and filial relationships, or great contempt for them? Their father is to such young men merely a governor—merely the representative of authority. Innocently enough, the expression is used by thousands of young men who venerate and love their parents; but only think of it, and I am sure you will admit that it is a cold, heartless word when thus applied, and one that ought forthwith to be abandoned."

## CANADIAN HOMES.



ONE of the most beautiful portions of this continent is that of the Canadas. With noble hills and fair valleys—streams of great power and purity of water—forests whose "primeval silences" are as grand as the very thought of majesty itself; its attractions are of a highly positive physical character. The reader of "Willis's "Sketch Book of Canadian Scenery," with its accompanying plates, will guess as much. In making up the summer's tour programme, it will be hard to reject "the Provinces," where beauty of scene, purity of air, interest of character, real luxury of living, are allowed to have their due weight.

The people of "the Provinces" possess characteristics which offer a fine field for the observation of the student of human nature. From the Newfoundland fisherman on the east to the half-breed on the west, embracing the intermedia of French, English, Scotch, Irish, and nondescript—in all stages of mixture as well as in their rigid purity—we surmise no country on the face of the globe offers richer material for the pen and pencil of the acute observer and delineator. "Sam Slick" gave us the Yankee as he is in his native "nobility;" but who shall give us the native "Kanuck," with all his varied idiosyncracies and positive elements of individuali-